

organization of board-certified members in the world.

These organizations and the members who practice pathology and laboratory medicine provide a substantial contribution to medical science and patient care through accurate medical test results that enable physicians to make accurate diagnoses and recommend appropriate treatments.

CAP started as an outgrowth of ASCP and they have worked closely ever since. Their common bond has been a symbol to both patients and fellow professionals of their dedication to professional excellence.

Congratulations, CAP and ASCP, on your many years of committed service to the field of medicine.

### "IMMIGRANTS ARE NEW YORK CITY'S GREATEST ASSET"

HON. PETER T. KING

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, January 21, 1997*

Mr. KING. Mr. Speaker, throughout his years as U.S. Congressman, mayor of the city of New York and as mayor for life of the city of New York, Ed Koch has secured for himself the title "The Voice of Reason." Mayor Koch has a unique capacity to find common sense solutions for the problems that plague our society. Even more importantly, he is not afraid to be controversial. He is a true New Yorker who knows how to get to the heart of the problem. This quality was most recently typified in his recent column entitled "Immigrants are New York City's Greatest Asset" which appeared in the New York Post on January 17. I commend this column to my colleagues because it touches so meaningfully on the issue of immigration which is being exploited and demagogued by too many politicians today.

#### IMMIGRANTS ARE NEW YORK CITY'S GREATEST ASSET

(By Ed Koch)

Ellis Island is holy ground: My parents landed there separately in the early 1890s. Before 1924, there were no limits on the number of people permitted to enter this country. If you survived the voyage in steerage and did not suffer from a contagious disease, you gained entry.

My parents and millions of others came here looking for a better life. They sought economic opportunity and freedom from anti-Semitism. They did not believe the streets were paved with gold. But, like millions of others, they did believe America would be free of the daily cursing they endured from their non-Jewish neighbors in Poland. And they believed America would offer them and their children a future denied them elsewhere.

Several years before my father's death, my sister and her son Jared sat down with him and taped some of his early memories. She asked, "Daddy, what did you do for fun in the winter?" He replied, "Mostly we went inside to get warm."

My mother's home in Poland was part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. I recall asking her, when I was quite young, "Mama, why do you always refer to Kaiser Franz Joseph as the 'good Kaiser Franz Joseph?'" She replied "Sonny, because he didn't kill the Jews."

For years, I always wondered if she was right. After her death, I read that Kaiser

Franz Joseph issued a decree that there was to be no Jew-bashing in his domain. Mama was always right.

I've visited Ellis Island a number of times, both before and after its renovation and designation as a federal museum. Like many others whose parents or grandparents came through the Great Hall, I was elated when given an opportunity by the new museum to mark my parents' passage with metal markers.

Now, when I go to the island, I visit those markers. I touch my lips with my finger-tips in a symbolic kiss and then touch my parents' names inscribed on the metal plates.

My parents, who were marvelous people with very few worldly goods and a very limited education, nevertheless made it, raising three children—my brother, Harold, the eldest; my sister, Pat, the youngest; and me—and becoming part of America's middle class.

My mother died at age 62, my father at age 87. Mother lingered in excruciating pain before her death, an experience that has made me believe in physician-assisted suicide. I will never forget her screams of unending pain as she pleaded with me, "Eddie, please let me die." And I, in tears, replied "Mother, you're getting well," when I knew that she was not.

My father, a gentle and beloved man with an enormous number of friends, died easily, quickly and painlessly. We thanked God for allowing him to pass over to the next world in such peace. We were not so appreciative of the painful passage of our mother.

I've always been bewildered by the Catholic acceptance of pain in the onset of death. If I understand the concept correctly, the pain of one dying individual is in some mystical way a great benefit for humanity and provides enormous good for others.

Two princes of the Catholic Church—Joseph Cardinal Bernardin, whom I met briefly and admired, and Terence Cardinal Cooke, with whom I had a warm friendship—both embraced death and pain.

My mother told me early on, "Ed, don't mix in someone else's religion." So I won't. While I do not fear death, having had a full life, I do ask God to allow me to pass over without pain when the time to go arrives.

Why am I dwelling on the lives of my parents? Because recently there has been a spate of stories on immigrants, particularly those who came to New York in the last 10 years.

The City Planning Commission issued a report entitled "Annual Immigrant Tape Files, 1990-94, U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service Population Division." I won't list its many conclusions—all favorable—concerning the impact of legal immigrants on the City of New York. But these conclusions reinforce the need to fight the mean-spirited efforts by Congress to punish immigrants.

It isn't wrong to require sponsors of immigrants to fulfill their legal obligations to support those they brought here who otherwise would become public charges, as the new law mandates.

But it is wrong to deny legal immigrants who arrived before this law went into effect the SSI coverage and welfare benefits they'd been receiving. The new laws stripping legal immigrants of welfare inclusion should have been prospective and not retroactive.

Recently I read the comments of Massachusetts Gov. William Weld, a Boston Brahmin, on the value to our country of the immigrant: "I have long said that in the 1920's and 1930's the best Americans were Europeans, and principally European Jews who had reason to know what made this country special. In the 80's, the best Americans were Asians, for the same reason." I silently cheered.

According to the City Planning Commission report, legal immigrants are coming to

the U.S. in even larger numbers, and increasing percentages of the total number of these immigrants hail from parts of the world that did not participate in large-scale immigration when my parents came here, including Africa, Asia and Latin America.

These immigrants, like their predecessors—my parents among them—add to the richness of this country. They give us the benefit of their intelligence, their labor and their children. In the words of Martha Stewart, "It's a good thing."

My father never learned to write anything besides his name in English, although he could read. He worked hard all of his life, generally holding two jobs to support his family. He retired from his small fur coat manufacturing business at 75, but, bored, he went to work for Bloomingdale's fur coat storage six months later.

When elegant ladies asked him to store their coats, he would ask them to write their name and address on a ticket. He would invariably look at the ticket and say, "I see by your address that my son is your congressman."

It made no difference if these women lived in Brooklyn or Jersey City. My father saw me as representing the entire United States.

We should acknowledge the enormous contributions of immigrants, embrace them and warmly welcome them. Immigrants are New York City's greatest asset, today and for the future.

Updating the philosophy of the good Kaiser Franz Joseph, "Let there be no immigrant-bashing in the U.S."

### HONORING ROSALIE KUNTZ OF PASADENA, TX

HON. KEN BENTSEN

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, January 21, 1997*

Mr. BENTSEN. Mr. Speaker, I rise to honor one of my constituents, Rosalie Kuntz of Pasadena, who is a civic leader in her community and a pioneer for women in the insurance industry. Mrs. Kuntz is active in a wide range of community activities and served as the first female president of the Texas Association of Life Underwriters. The following article from the January 8, 1997, Houston Chronicle describes her many accomplishments and honors:

#### HER JOY IS IN THE JOURNEY—ROSALIE KUNTZ REVERED BY PASADENA COMMUNITY

(By Pat Swanson)

Willingness and commitment have not only earned Rosalie Kuntz success, but respect in her profession and in the Pasadena community she calls home.

Kuntz is celebrating 41 years in the insurance business. And, at age 72, she continues to be heavily involved in civic activities for the Pasadena-area community.

Kuntz and her husband Gerald (Jerry), a retired surveyor for Shell Oil Co., have lived in Pasadena 48 years. The couple are owners of the Kuntz Insurance Agency. Their children, Rita, Linda and Kyle have given them eight grandchildren. The Kuntz' are longtime members of St. Pius V Catholic Church.

Scott Loomis, an insurance man who has known Rosalie Kuntz for 30 years, said, "Rosalie is one person who could handle herself in a man's world before it was fashionable. While some men were intimidated by Rosalie, others wanted her on a project because they knew she would do a good job."

Parker Williams, president of San Jacinto College South, said, "Rosalie is known by